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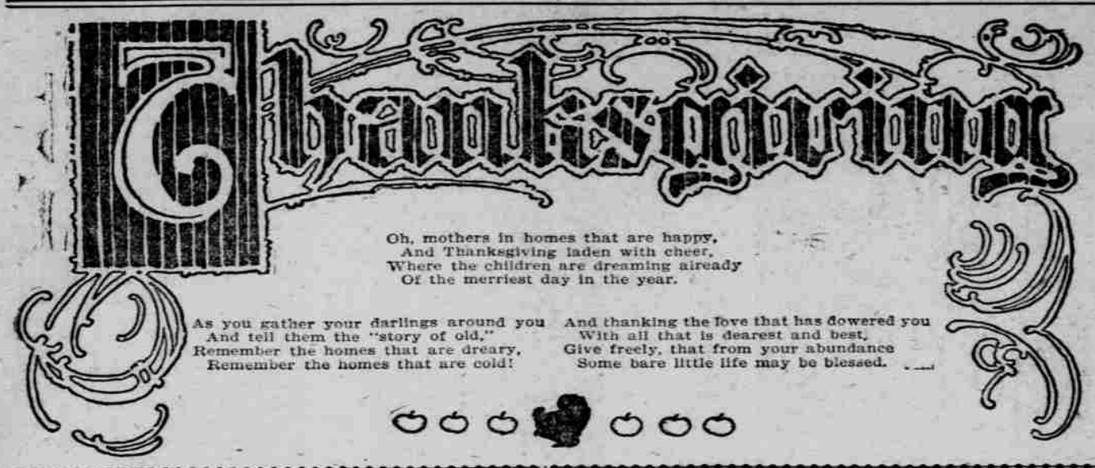

NATHAN MARTIN'S THANKSGIVING

"Fire—Fan—faster!"

These were words of Nathan Martin to his horse, Fan. He was urging her forward over the freshly fallen November snow.

"Oh, Fan, faster!" he yelled.

"Nobody in sight, and there's my mill burning! I can see the flames all over the roof. Nobody round, and it's just a bonfire that nobody cares about. Nathan Martin's hopes all turning into ashes. To-morrow's Thanksgiving day. Don't believe I'll play my violin in the choir. Oh, dear!"

Fan had now arrived at the mill. Nathan jumped out of his pung and walked around the crimson, smoldering heap. He could not enter the building, for there was no building to be entered.

Luckily, no corn had been stored there, and he had not brought any account books as yet. In anticipation, though, of business coming, there was $100 worth of new machinery that Nathan had put in.

He waited until the ashes sank lower, then he turned, and this thought was in his heart: "I wonder if it wouldn't be a good plan to step up and tell the bad news to the widow. Guess her seat will be empty, too, in the meeting house to-morrow."

The Widow Gregory, as it was the day before Thanksgiving, had gone to her table and was making preparation for the cooking of an extensive batch of pies.

She was a very good-looking woman, but her daughter Kitty's good looks threw her mother's quite into the shade.

Kitty Gregory has made this confesion to herself: "Poor fellow! He's going to have a dreadfully lonely time down in that old mill. He is too fine a fellow to be shut up there. If a young woman had ever an idea of marrying anyone it would be safe to accept him. If that young man is really going to that lonely, old mill, I wonder if I could do anything to cheer him up."

She thought a moment—then she smiled—then she burst out laughing. "I'll do it!" she exclaimed. "I'll get one of mother's mince pies and take it down there to-night, Tuesday. I know how to get into the mill and I'll leave the pie in what he calls his office. There, won't that make him happy! I'll get mother to let me have a pie before it is baked and I'll mark a K on the cover—that will set him to

"I'll put the pie on the chair."

wondering—there are lots of Kitties in town."

That evening a solitary figure stole up to a little side door of the mill.

Nathan had often said he must have a lock put on that door; it had never been done. Kitty Gregory stole through that unfastened door. In one hand was a very palatable mince pie, marked with candle and matches. She scratched her matches and lighted the candle.

"I'll drop these matches down that crack in the floor, said Kitty; "the water must be running down below there, and the matches can't set the water on fire." The matches, though, fell into a heap of refuse lumber that had accumulated during recent repairs beside the channel along which sped the water to the sea.

If Kitty had thrown her matches a foot farther away they would have fallen where she expected them to fall—into a batch of cold, smothering sea water.

Kitty, though, was not thinking of anything under the mill floor, but of that nook up stairs that Nathan laughingly had told her would be his office.

"He hasn't any desk in it," thought Kitty, "for he didn't want to run in debt, which mother thought showed a very good quality in a young man; but he has one chair, for he said he might have a customer and he would like to give him a seat, and I'll put the pie in the chair."

She left her pie and went down through the mill to the side door.

"Phew! do I smell smoke?" thought Kitty. She finally decided it was nothing.

Next morning the fire in the rubbish heap, after smoldering all night, broke

"I am very sorry to be the bearer of bad news."

out into the most lively and fatal activity.

And to think that the widow Gregory, up to the middle of the forenoon, had not seen that fire from her window by the cooking table! But her mind, like that of any good worker, was on the work in hand, not on scenery half a mile away. She was thinking of that subject so absorbing to housekeepers the day before Thanksgiving—pie-making. She did finally glance down the road leading to the mill.

"Why," she said, "what makes it so smoky down by the mill, and who is this man—looks like a tramp—coming up to the door?" Kitty ran to the window which was close by the outside door.

"That old mill!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I don't think I'd be willing to marry the man that ran our mill," she added in her thoughts, "unless, perhaps, it were—Nathan Martin."

Her sentence was interrupted by the opening of the outside door. The man that entered heard a cheerful, vigorous voice saying: "Oh, I don't think I'd be willing to marry the man that ran our mill." The man groaned, but said to himself: "I suppose I must face the music."

In the miserable, tramp-like being that stood before them, Kitty and her mother saw Nathan Martin—he was opening a package.

"I am very very sorry, Mrs. Gregory and Kitty, to be the bearer of bad news. I'd have given anything if I could have helped it, but I did not know anything about it till a boy came and told me your mill was afire. I think I know how it started. I found, near the door, the fragment of a chair that stood in which I called my 'office.' I think a tramp got in there, stayed all night and started a fire. Here, I think, is a part of what he had for breakfast. Mrs. Gregory, I am very sorry. I don't suppose you will feel like going to Thanksgiving tomorrow morning, I don't."

"Why not? Why shouldn't I go?" asked Mrs. Gregory. "I have some thing left, and haven't you?"

"Well," said he, "I shall think it over. How much is left to me?"

"We'll leave it this way, Nathan. If you'll come along in your pung tomorrow morning, I shall see you, and you let me and Kitty get in."

Poor Nathan Martin! He went down the road saying, "Mrs. Gregory told me to think of what I had left. Now, she has Kitty! But what did I hear Kitty say when I opened the door—'I won't marry the man'—it was something like that, 'that runs our mill.'"

Looking out of the kitchen window a little before meeting time, Kitty's mother saw a horse and sleigh in the yard. The occupant of the sleigh had left it. Mrs. Gregory could hear his coming footstep. She knew who it was, for she could see a violin box projecting from the sleigh.

"I have called for you and Kitty," said Nathan. "If you say so, we'll all go to meeting. I have been thinking it over, and I feel that there is much left."

"Nathan," said Kitty's mother, laying her hand on the young man's shoulder, "there is much left. You've got a friend in me. You've got a friend in yourself. You've got a friend in God."

It was a wonderful service that day, so Nathan Martin always thought. The service over, the people separated to their homes and their bountiful dinners.

"We want you to take dinner with us, Nathan," said Mrs. Gregory, and of course there could be no resistance to that invitation.

Kitty was busy with preparations for the feast, but she told Nathan she wanted to see him in the fore room just as soon as she had a spare moment.

There, in a frank and pitiful way, she held out the supposed tramp's breakfast and told Nathan she was the incendiary.

Nathan wouldn't hear of it, but Kitty seemed to take satisfaction in insisting upon her explanation, and then Nathan's power as a comforter was called in play.

"I don't think you did it, Kitty, I'm afraid you don't have confidence in my opinion."

"But I do," said Kitty, "I think a great deal of you."

When Kitty opened such a door, what wonder that Nathan entered. He recalled what he heard her say the day before, and then Kitty had to confess what he did not hear—her un-

"You know I am your friend, and you have my blessing."

spoken admission that he was the exceptional miller.

"Where are those young people!" wondered the Widow Gregory. She went to different rooms. A knock at the fore room door was successful. "Come right in," said Nathan. "We want your blessing, mother."

"What?" she asked, wonderingly. "You know I am your friend and you have my blessing."

"Yes, I knew I had the mother. Now I have the daughter.'

POULTRY

Nests.

The arrangement of nests in the poultry house will depend somewhat on whether chicks are raised by hatching in incubators or by the use of hens. If the hen is to be used for incubation it will prove more advantageous to have the nests so arranged that when the brooding time comes the same nests may be used both for laying and sitting. This requires much more attention in arrangement than where the nests are made for the reception of eggs only. In the case of nests for both laying and incubation it is necessary to have quite a large number, as some of these will be needed for the sitting hens at a time of year when laying hens are active in the production of eggs. For a flock of fifty hens a dozen nests will be necessary. These should be made so that the hens can enter at the front for the depositing of their eggs; and there should be some kind of a door at the rear from which the eggs may be taken. When a hen has settled down on one of these nests to sit, it is only necessary to place the requisite number of eggs under her, and close the entrance at the front, opening one at the back that will permit the hen to come off and feed at will. Wire netting should prevent the other hens from getting back of the egg nests. An improvement on this is to have a small wire yard at the back of each nest in which the hen may exercise and dust herself when she comes off to get water and food. Most people, however, do not have this little yard for each fowl that is sitting. The only drawback is that one sitting hen will sometimes go back onto the nest of another.

Some will object to the above that it is not necessary to have nests for double purposes; that when a hen begins sitting she can be removed from one nest to an incubating nest. But the writer has found it quite difficult to induce broody fowls to accept a sitting of eggs in a new nest, and very frequently the change results in the fowl giving up the idea of sitting at all. Sometimes, too, the broody fowl has persisted in sitting, but elsewhere than on the eggs in the new nest.

Nests for laying only should be light, movable affairs, that can be destroyed if they become infested with vermin, for frequently it will be found easier to make new nests than to cleanse those that have become filled with mites and their eggs. The mere dusting of such nests with sulphur and insect powders will frequently fail to kill all the mites and their eggs, and new colonies will soon reappear. Cheap boxes or baskets may be used, and should be placed lower than the roosts, so the fowls will not persist in sleeping on them. If this habit becomes very pronounced, the nests may be ranged together in a row and a slanting board cover hinged to the side of the house at night. This may be shut down for a time each night till the birds have fixed the habit of going onto their own roosts. The litter best adapted for the filling of nests is cut straw or hay, and this should be frequently renewed and burned whether any mites are found in it or not. It is best to be on the safe side, and this material costs practically nothing.

Buff Turkeys.

From Farmers' Review: I have been raising buff turkeys for ten years. I prefer them to other breeds on account of their quiet disposition. They are more domesticated than the Bronze or White Holland and are good layers and good mothers. They are not quite as large as the Bronze, but are larger than the White Holland. I have had hens at maturity to weigh 18½ pounds and toms 33 and in fact I had one that weighed 35 pounds, but that is above the average. They mature early, and, taking everything into consideration, I like them best of any breed. I keep ten or a dozen hens to one tom and think if any one so desired they could keep even more to good advantage. Of course the main thing is to start with healthy stock. I find a ready sale for all I can raise, and, in fact, I cannot raise enough to supply the demand. I put the first two clutches under chicken hens and let the turkey have her third laying. I can sell their eggs at 25c each, which would pay well, as one can count on thirty eggs from each hen, and that is not more than one-half what I have got, and I once had a hen that I got 153 eggs from in one season, but that is remarkable. I feed the little poults bread soaked in sweet milk and hard-boiled eggs, with onion tops chopped fine and a little pepper sprinkled over them occasionally, and find that good food for them. Little poults are hard to raise in wet weather, and, if allowed to run out in rainy weather before they are pretty well feathered, they will droop and die. Lice are poults' worst enemies. Keep them from lice with insect powder.—Mrs. T. C. Trego, Mercer County, Illinois

The DAIRY

Cause of Bitter Butter.

Bitter butter is generally found in the winter season and mostly in the products of dairies rather than of creameries. Bitter taste may be found in any dairy product as well as in butter and is often found in milk, cream and cheese, said C. H. Eckles in an address at a Missouri dairymen's convention. The cause is the same, however, and what is said of it, applies to the conditions wherever found. Butter may be of good quality when made, but develop a very bitter taste later. Milk may be perfectly normal when milked, but become extremely bitter with age. This bitter condition has been credited by most dairymen to stripper cows or faulty feeding. Milk from stripper cows very rarely will have a peculiar, somewhat bitter taste, but hardly sufficient to show in the butter under any circumstances. It is safe to say not one case in a hundred is due to this cause. If feed is used with very bitter taste, it may go into milk in sufficient amounts to cause the same bitter taste, but our common feeds are not bitter, and in fact it is as well to leave this cause out of consideration altogether, as it is of so little importance.

The common bitter taste is due to an abnormal fermentation. To produce the desired flavor in butter, we want the cream to sour with a clean, sour taste, and in fact want to keep everything else in the way of bacteria out, as much as possible. To get the cream to sour as much as we wish, we want to furnish the bacteria which do this and keep out the bad bacteria as the bitter producing kinds. The bacteria which produce the bitter products, we find, are generally in hay dust and stable dirt, and some always find their way into milk, especially when the cows are in the barn. This is one of the two reasons why the bitter taste is more apt to be found in winter-made butter than in summer. The second reason, and the one having the most influence, is that cream in winter, in a small dairy especially, is often kept for a long time between churnings and at a rather low temperature. These bitter products will seldom, if ever, be developed in cream or milk kept at a temperature of 70 degrees or 75 degrees, as it will then sour but not become bitter, although it may become rancid if kept too long at that temperature.

These bitter producing bacteria cannot work in the presence of any amount of acid or sourness. As soon as the sourness begins the bitter product is not made any more. The bacteria which produce the bitter taste work best at a temperature so low that the milk will sour very slowly.

The butter maker has the means of prevention always at hand. The first thing to do is to use a good sour-starter in the cream at once after separation, to start souring and check the other fermentations. Every butter maker who expects to make a high grade of uniform butter should make constant use of a good starter. The other point is to keep the temperature up until souring begins, and then cool, if necessary, to hold a day or two. Sour first and the bitter bacteria will not work, even if the cream be kept cool a couple of days. Keeping cream over at a temperature of fifty to sixty degrees, and later warming for souring is the condition that allows development of the bitter defect.

Butter Yield Illustration.

From the dairy department of Purdue University we have received the following relative to the college butter exhibit at the recent Indiana State Fair:

For several years Purdue University has operated a working dairy at the Indiana State Fair. Each morning and afternoon separators have been run, butter made and milk tested by students from the dairy department under the supervision of the Professor of Dairying. This year was no exception. The quarters have been remodeled some and fixed up, so as to allow the display of a large number of charts, giving much instructive data. As people spent a good deal of time watching the work, these charts attracted considerable interest. Such facts as to the relative loss of fertility in various farm crops, records of individual cows, an illustration of balanced rations, etc., occupied the space. These often furnished an excuse for questions on the part of those watching the work, so that the middle of each day was a continual question box with answers by those in charge. A new feature was three columns of print butter, containing in the first case the actual number of pounds of butter made by the average cow of the state, as shown by the census, which was 140 lbs. The second column contained 300 lbs., and was labeled: "The amount of butter a good cow should make," and the third column, containing 374 lbs., was the amount of butter made by one of the university cows at a feed cost of $46.00. The relative size of the columns attracted attention, and undoubtedly set a good many people to thinking

LIVE STOCK

Horses at the World's Fair.

The $93,640 allotted for horses, asses and mules at the World's Fair is divided among twenty-four classes, as follows: Trotter, Thoroughbred, Percheron, French Draft, Clydesdale and Shire horses, $6,205 each; jacks and jennets, $5,425; French Coach, German Coach, English Coach, Hackney, Morgan, Belgian and saddle horses, $4,390 each; Suffolk Punch and Arabian, $1,115 each; mules, $3,415; Shetland ponies, $3,410; ponies in harness, $900. Harness horses are allotted $4,800. Roadsters are given $1,700, divided equally between "roadsters for dealers" and "roadsters for others." Business horses have been given $2,315, and horses of commerce have $1,485. These sums are exclusive of any special prizes. The class for German Coach includes East Friesland Coach, Hanoverian, Holstein Coach, Oldenburg Coach and Trakehnen. Under the English Coach are included the Cleveland Bay and Yorkshire Coach.

The American Percheron Horse Breeders and Importers' association has set aside $2,000 for special prizes for Percherons at the World's Fair. The association has suggested to Chief Coburn an arrangement of this sum for an offering of thirty-seven prizes to provide a number of classes for the especial encouragement of American breeders and of the display of stock bred by exhibitors. The National French Draft Horse association has offered $1,000 in World's Fair special prizes for that breed. The total amount in regular and special prizes for Percheron and French Draft horses is $15,410.

The "horse of commerce" class in the World's Fair prize list provides a new and deserved recognition of the market types of horses. "This class," the prize list announces, "provides for an exhibit of horses of the leading types that find a ready sale at trade centers and that are especially deserving of the attention of breeders who appreciate the advantages of a profitable home and foreign market assured for all worthy specimens." In this class a first prize of $75, a second of $50, a third of $40, and highly commended and commended awards are offered for artillery, cavalry, coach, saddle, omnibus and fire department horses and for drafters, expressers and roadsters. Exhibits in this class are confined to geldings four years old or over, with the exception that mares will be eligible in the section for saddle horses. Animals will be shown in harness or under saddle. Judges in this class will be experienced buyers on the market, or United States army officers.

The World's Fair classification for horses presents a remarkable series of awards in the breeding rings, offering nearly $80,000 for these classes alone. A single stallion may win $500 solely on his individual merit in any of the more important classes. As the sire of pure-bred colts he may win $100 additional, and in the stud rings he may help to win $750 more. The appropriations for grade geldings and mares by recorded sires aggregate $10,840 in the World's Fair breeding rings.

Duroc-Jersey Points.

The following points are abstracted from a detailed description of the Duroc-Jerseys by an official publication of the American Duroc-Jersey Swine Breeders' Association:

The head is small in proportion to the body and tapers well down to the nose. The eyes are bright and prominent. The ears are medium in size and moderately thin, and point forward and downward. The neck is thick and short. The jowl is broad, full and neat. The shoulders are broad and deep and do not extend above line of back, which is straight, or slightly arching and of even width from shoulder to ham. Sides are deep and ribs long. Belly and flank are straight and full. Hams and rump are broad and full. Legs are medium in size and length. Tail large at base and bushy at point. Coat is thick and fine. Color is cherry red without admixtures. Size is large for age and condition. Two-year-old boar should weigh 600 pounds; sow same age, 500 pounds; year-old boar, 350 pounds; year old sow, 300 pounds; boar and sow six months of age, 150 pounds. Action is vigorous. Disposition is gentle and they are easily handled and driven.

In manuring, the nature and composition of the soil has to be taken into account. Thus, clays derived from potash felspar would not need potash manuring, while many sandy soils would, on the contrary be highly benefited thereby. Also, it would not pay to add lime to a chalky soil.

Modesty is not so easily shocked as prudery.